

This is where I'm supposed to tell you what a wonderful book this is and how much hard work went into its making and all that. Well.....I think you can get a pretty good idea of all that by just looking through it and without the "Blah,blah,blah." Come to think of it why do I even need to write this letter, you've already picked our book up. Probably with the intention of reading it (unless you need more kindling when the dorm heaters break down), so your all set to go. Get your eyes full and send us some stuff next semester.

P.S. In case you were all wondering, there's actually a *reason* behind the title this semester. While we were working on the various poems and stories here in this book we tried to apply different fonts to them, fonts that fit the mood of the work (COOL). Unfortunately, almost all the good fonts had a tendency to scatter the writing all over the page (NOT COOL). So due to the "Broken Fonts" there is little to see in eye-pleasing letters, but the title's great!

P.P.S. If any of you put this book down due to our lack of cool fonts I have been authorized to set lose the C-7 attack walruss on you. Be warned.

President of the Literary Arts Society

Jason Crandall

Chief Editor

Kelly Nagy

Our Computer Expert

Jeffery Novakouski

Editors

Susan Goodwin

Lauren Collins

David Wasilewski

Meghan Sloan

Eric Dahlen

Jeannine Burrus

Jeffery Novakouski

Tara Sullivan

Ellen Kalas

Ouga, the monkey (Couldn't have done it without him!)

TABLE OF CONTENTS

STUFF

Cover (Just in case you missed it)	Page 0
The President's "Blah,blah,blah."	Page 1
The Table of Contents	Page 2 (DUH!)

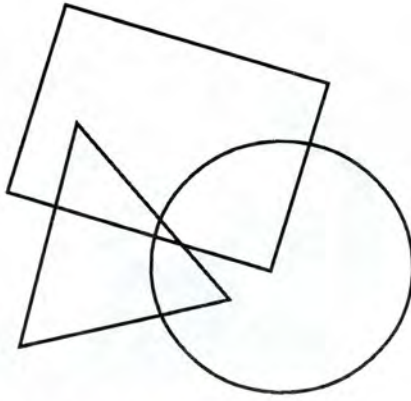
WRITING

Barbie and Ken, by Michael G. Cassidy	Page 4
The Song, by Amanda Garrison	Page 5
Scars and Knight's Question, both by Kevin Mewhiney	Page 6
Birth Cry, by Kevin Mewhiney	Page 8
Untitled, by Colleen Maloney	Page 8
Self, by Patricia A. Corley	Page 9-10
Untitled, by Kari Ann Andreasen	Page 11
The Same Streets are Different on Sunday Night, by Ted Millar	Page 12-13
Garbage Day and Revenge, both by Mandy Parrillo	Page 14
Untitled, by Jeannine Burrus	Page 15
Obsession, by Tanya Klein	Page 15
Wounded Excursions Through Space, by Joseph Laposta	Page 16
Looking Skyward, by Joseph Laposta	Page 16
Fractured Dream Plain, by Joseph Laposta	Page 17
Unpleasant Slogans, by Sonya Mello	Page 17
A Special Friend, by Charlotte Partridge	Page 18-19
The Gate, by Adam Weissman	Page 20
Time, by Amy Rys	Page 21
Untitled, by Aimee Marie Drayer	Page 21
Newsong, by Sonya Mello	Page 23
Release, by Jeff Novakouski	Page 24

ARTWORK AND PHOTOGRAPHS

Broken Fonts (Cover Art), by Jeannine Burrus	Page 0
Untitled, by Meghan Sloan	Page 3
The Little Girl, a photograph by Kelly Nagy	Page 4
The Path, by Susan Goodwin	Page 6
The Island, By Jeannine Burrus	Page 7
The Dragon, by Susan Goodwin	Page 8
Untitled, by Emily	Page 10
The Metal Bird, Jeannine Burrus	Page 19
The Eifle Tower, a photograph by Kelly Nagy	Page 21
The Face, by Susan Goodwin	Page 22





BARBIE AND KEN

*It's cowboys and indians,
It's cops and robbers
No matter how you look at it,
It's all the same
Good versus evil, wrong versus right
And we're stuck in the middle of this repetitive fight
You're on this team today and another tomorrow
Today you want to spit but tomorrow you'll swallow
One moment you're up, the next you're down
You go from being serious to acting like a clown
Life is a rollercoaster ride and you're hanging on the side
You had your shot on goal but it just went wide
And now you're treated worse than Frankenstein's bride
Day to night, night to day...
I sit and ask myself why?
As the sun and moon trade places in the sky
Why must we win, why must we lose
Let's not be sober, can't we just booze?
I know the answers to this game
It's just that the questions are not the same
And when somebody ponders and stops to ask me why
I'm unable to reveal the answer and give the appropriate reply
But that is life, whole grain oats and all
One moment you're on top, the next stumble and fall
I've got the skeleton key that unlocks all the doors
But this mansion is all windows
With nothing more.*

By: Michael G. Cassidy



the song

by Amanda Garrison

once I heard a song floating on a breeze
and I reached out into the sky
and closed my fist around it
and as I walked I could hear the melody
the words echoed and bounced around
as if inside a vast and hollow canyon
and I was happy with my song
I kept it with me like a good-luck charm
I played it over and over
and soon I could hum along with the melody
and I could sing the words
and I filled the emptiness with all of myself
the notes formed a wall around me
an impenetrable barrier
and I was tucked safely inside
hidden away from danger
one day when I was walking, I tripped over a stone
and my fist opened
and my song flew away
I sat on the ground and listened
but I heard nothing
I tried to sing it to get it to come back
but I couldn't remember how
and my barrier of notes and words
crumbled in dust around me
and all I could hear was the pounding of my heart
echoing and bouncing around
as if inside a vast and hollow canyon



SCARS: Jaded Optimism part 4

Why in pain
And misery
Does inspiration
Take hold of me?

Time to heal
Time to grow
Perhaps in verse
This all will show.

Rhymes sometimes
Hide a terrible cost
Forcing remembrance
Of all that was lost.

This work we all do
To live again
When we finish our journey
Is a poem, not an end.

Kevin Mewhiney

Knight's Question: Jaded Optimism part 5

For what reason am I denied
My well deserved rest
I stayed the course long
I gave it my best
Now time to wonder
Did I fail this test
No
It was just one more chapter
Of the ongoing quest.





Birth Cry: Jaded Optimism part 6

TOWARDS my new beginning
RIGHT AWAY I MUST SET OUT
YEARNING FOR REBIRTH

HOW DIFFERENT I AM NOW
AFRAID STILL ... somewhat
READY TO MOVE FORWARD
DON'T WANT TO BE HELD DOWN

LONGING FOR TOMORROWS
I NEED MY SOUL TO GROW
VITAL IF I AM TO GO ON
EVERMORE

WHAT HAPPENED IS NOW PASSED
ENCOMPASSED MY WHOLE WORLD
LEARNED HARD FROM THE OUTCOME
LEFT THE PAIN FAR BEHIND

Kevin Mewhiney



So tired.
Sleep closing in on me.
I want to give in to its habit.
The black thief who steals my dreams
when the alarm clock goes off.
The invisible rocks he lays on my eyelids.
Now it is so tempting to give in.
It is now I am most vulnerable,
and he can have his way with me.
So I give in because it is so easy.
Now daily life around me drowns in prayers
and the ringing of silence
is all that is left behind.

-Colleen Maloney



Compare and contrast yourself. I can not think of anything that could be harder. But I decided to do this paper because I had already started the research. The hardest part was describing my actual self.

Actual Self - Who am I? In terms of independent or dependent personality, I am a dependent. In terms of a leader or a follower, I am a leader. I do know one thing about myself, I don't like myself, but I can live with myself, usually.

It seems like everyone is writing books about teenagers today, articles saying what it is like to be a teen. They feel that they speak for everyone. I hate people who generalize like that. You can only speak for yourself and no one else. You are only you, not an entire generation. How can they possibly know how everyone my age feels??? We are not clones, we are not all like each other. We are people, individuals. We have things in common, and we have things that we hate about each other. What those things are differ from person to person.

But I digress, this was supposed to be about me, one person, not a rant against idiots, although I will probably do it several times in here. Anyway, I am one person. I am 20 years old. I hate the term gen X, I like the term child of the 80's. But that's just a label. Everyone talks about labels these days and how we should be careful about not using them, but we still use them in everyday conversation. Has anyone realized that our name is a label? That our parents named us because of how we act or looked like. I know of a friend who is called by his nickname, which is a real name, because during his first week of college someone said that he looked like a person with that name. And it stuck!! Can things get any stupider???

What is the point of life? Could someone please explain that to me? I seem to have missed the boat as they say. I want isolation, with no one around me. Me in a cabin in the woods, just nature and me with no worries. Yet society looks down upon people like this and say that they are not contributing to society. Excuse me, but what has society done for me lately???? I shouldn't pick on society, if it wasn't for them, I probably wouldn't be here, but still. Society is messed.

Who really wants to live in a world like this. Death, killings, murder, rape, war, strife, starvation, assassinations. Good old yellow journalism, only report what will catch the people's eye, but who can blame journalism. It is society that wants to see such things. And we are society people. We are why things are the way that they are. We have no one to blame but ourselves. Blaming the guy next to us does no good, cuz eventually the blame goes full circle. And what has happened, nothing, just passing blame. No one fixes the problem, just fixes the blame on someone. Society is upset with AIDS and the other diseases that we are having trouble killing. I see it as nature's way of punishing us. We are destroying this planet.

You are probably saying, oh your just saying that, and if you got AIDS, you'd want a cure, or if someone close to you got it... If I got AIDS or some other disease, oh well. Reduce the population of the planet. If someone close to me dies, yes it tears a hole in my heart. It hurts like hell, and I don't really accept it, but we are living what is called life, and death is at the end of life. Death is the trip of a life time, there is no other end. Sort of like a one way ticket!

But enough about society, lets find something else to mumble about. Is there anything else to really talk about? Everything leads back to society. Everything we do is dictated by society in one form or another. You may say that you are going against society, but remember that society is everyone, so you are agreeing or doing something with someone somewhere. (Yes, I am aware that I am generalizing about society here. Sue me!)

If you want to get really picky you can say that nothing is against society and nothing is for society. Since society is made up of all of us, and we all have different opinions on everything, we will all disagree on everything that comes up. There is nothing that I can think of that someone somewhere would not agree with, if only to be the only one to do so.

People have complained to me that what I write is depressing. Well guess what guys, life is depressing. This is myself. This is me. Life is not always sunshine and flowers. Life is more likely to kick you in the ass. But this is my reality. Don't worry if yours doesn't match mine, isn't not supposed. You are not me. And thank god, I am not you.

Who would like to be like everyone else? There is nothing in that. I want to be like everyone else. I want to be me. I want to be liked. I don't care what others think of me. Does this sound confusing to you? How do you think it feels to be the one thinking it? Why doesn't life makes sense, but then again, who ever said that life was supposed to make sense. I don't remember that being in the contract, but then again, I don't think I read it too carefully before I signed it

I wonder if anyone would read this if they didn't already know me. If they did, would they say that I am a voice of my generation? Why do people do that? Putting people on such a pedestal? Who really wants that responsibility. But you don't ask, you just do. Do you realize the consequences of your actions?

Do you care about the consequences of your actions? I'm sure that you care about the immediate, and maybe some of the long term consequences, but do you ever really take everything into account? Absolutely everything that could possibly happen? If you said yes, then you must be a computer.



You can't possibly compensate for everything that you do. If you try, then you waste your time and your life. Go forward, leave those behind who can't compensate, they are not ready to be, to live. Life's a bitch and anyone who tells you otherwise is lying or trying to sell you something. How true this is. Survival of the fittest. Everyone learned this in general bio. It used to be the survival of the physical fittest. Now it seems to be a survival of the smartest fittest, and the wallet fittest. The wallet will get you farther than your mind most times though. Something is wrong when a person can't do something with their life that they are meant to do because they can't afford to and there are people who have so much money that they don't know what to do with it all.

Our priorities as human beings need some work. People often romanticize about the past and how it would be like to live in different eras. I think that I would like to go back to before the concept of land started. There everyone was free. Women were not owned by man, and for the most part, everyone was free to do and be as they please. None of the cultural bias that are with us today would exist back then. Life was not perfect by any means, but the grass is greener on the other side. I think that I could deal with an early death to have the freedom of not being owned by anyone and not have being responsible to anyone but myself and those around me.

But in a way, that is how it is today, expect we also have all of these expectations piled upon us that we must deal with. Dealing with these expectations is what kills me. Not necessarily the expectations of my family, but also those of society. I should attend college, and I should find a job, and I should earn much money, and I should cook and clean, and be domestic, and have 2.5 children, a cat, and a dog. I should be the one to take care of the children. I should have children only after being married. I should not try to take control at work and be a leader, I should not be a bitch.

What if I don't want to follow these things? What if I don't like them? Then I am deviant. Trying to be something that I am not. Being "uppity", not staying in my place.

But what is my place. If all things were equal, what is my place in life? But things are not equal, and where should I stand, the left, the right, the middle, do I care? If I don't, then I don't have the right to complain.

Where is the return center for life? I want to make an exchange. What do you mean there is no return center?? I can't make an exchange!!!?? Who made up these rules?? I want to speak to someone in charge here. Who is in charge here? Speak up! Where are you???



Alone in padded pink satin
I die an insane fate
Senses acute but breath long lost
Olfactory overflows with decay

Worms digest frozen flesh
The serpent and the saint
A ferocious battle
My soul, a winner's prize

My cool withered corpse
Infinite slumber in eternal isolation
Warmth and breath such divinity
This worn body has bled all

—D Kari Ann Andreasen X—

THE SAME STREETS ARE
DIFFERENT ON SUNDAY NIGHT
by Ted Millar

Moon-day; before the light swims to the
candle-dust, we arise to meet the street.
Dark and cold. (It may be warm),
but we don't know the difference,
because we have to clasp our
shackles closed again.
The feeling of swollen-head, and
coffee tranquility overcomes us-
The end is near.

Day #Tue; The same thing-(Willie Dixon).
It's the caffeine stop of weeping trees
in November. Some days it's cold,
some days it's not-but we're
feeling old
today.
We stop to wonder why everyday,
but we don't have time to stop today.
The end is near.

Hump-day; The hill has risen. We're
feeling a little better about
ourselves...the coffee tastes better.
We talk about the day of fools
with our friends who won't be
in three days. We're all competing
for the same soil-to get our
hands dirty to show our wives
to show our kids
to show who wins
to sharpen our knives.

Thursday; with the hump-day behind us,
we can think about discarding
the caffeine and red die in
our veins--a new poison
to forget we're human and hated.

Fools' Day; Finish quickly! The streets
are a-glow and everyone is
ready to go. We don our
masks.

The hour to be happy awaits
the longest day of the year.
It's a rush-
It's a race!

Sell-yourself Day; Sleep late-
Eat the dirt from under
your feet and the
sand from your soul.
Excedrin for the head-
Swallow it with tranquility.
(somehow it tastes better,
but a little bland, though.)

A shower to meet Cloe,
A new pair of boots.
Going to do it again...only better.

"Maybe we'll get some here."
The pigs seem to thrive on
the fat of the land.
While all this time, still
wearing our masks.

Sun-day; It isn't. It's supposed to be, isn't it?
You can't find your hand in
the snow!! And you can't find Cloe.
She woke up next to you.
Somehow, the streets look different.
The same people, zombie's,
the same light, somehow, dimmer.
It's funny how the sun plays
tricks on you.
Last night the moon was your
friend, but you hope the "sun"
never sets--you're a zombie too.
The same streets are different on Sunday
night.....

Garbage Day

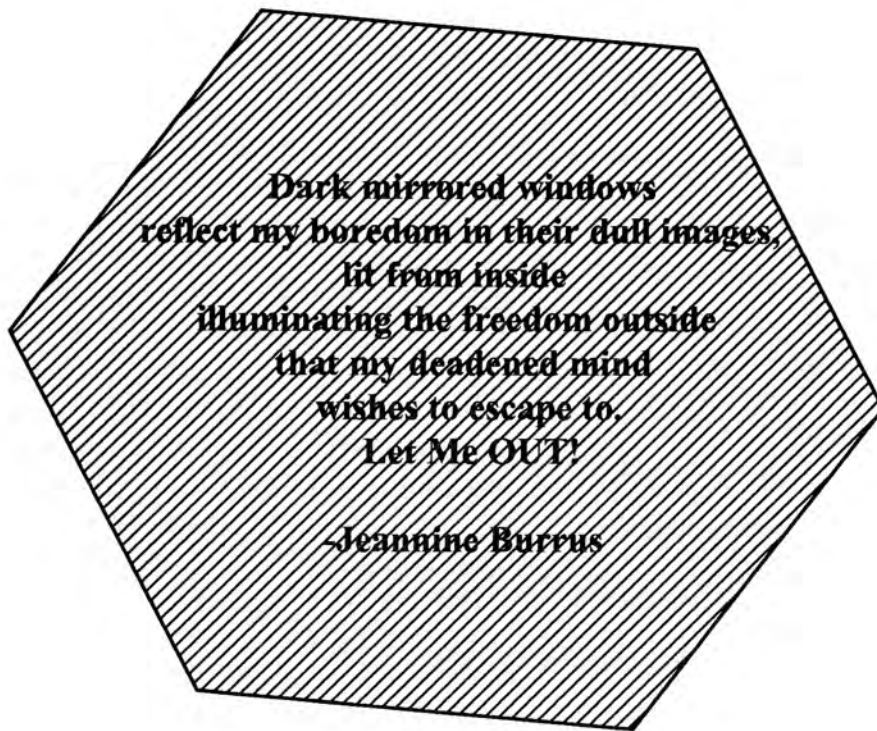
I took my silly brother,
and stuffed him in a can.
Set the can upon the curb,
for the garbage man.
The man threw him in the truck,
it crunched and squashed and strained.
I'm so afraid the garbage truck,
will never be the same.

Mandy Parrillo

Revenge

*Bob's little sister had a favorite doll,
her hair was golden yellow.
Bob ripped off the arms and smashed
the head - he was a nasty fellow.
His sister cried and swore revenge,
Bob wasn't even ashamed.
But as he rode his bike down the hill,
"my brakes are gone," he proclaimed.*

Mandy Parrillo



Dark mirrored windows
reflect my boredom in their dull images,
lit from inside
illuminating the freedom outside
that my deadened mind
wishes to escape to.
Let Me OUT!

-Jeannine Burrus

**Obsession
by Tanya Klein**

**The first time I saw you , I looked into your eyes.
I knew that you were special - I didn't believe
the lies.**

**I watch all your actions. And I listen to your every word.
I have a secret obsession - if only I could be heard.
You're always in my thoughts. You're always in
my dreams.**

**Please give me a chance - Things aren't always
as they seem.**

**So what makes me love you? The reason I can't
quite find.**

**But from the moment I saw you - You've always
been on my mind.**

**My love is hidden deep, And my pain is kept inside.
My feelings are forever - Because they never will subside.
Will you ever realize? Will you ever see?**

**I just want to tell you -
You'll always be a part of me.**

WOUNDED EXCURSIONS THROUGH SPACE

WOUNDED AND WARPED
MY FRIEND IN AND OF TIME
GONE FOR NOW.
TEMPORARY INSANITY
SETS WITHIN MY MIND.
HIS SHARP BARBS PIERCE MY SOUL.
SOUL?
WHAT A JOKE!
NOT ACKNOWLEDGING LIMITS
UNBOUND.
GIVE ALL.
ASK NOT.
ONWARD.
NO LIMITATIONS TO HINDER.
BADLANDS BECKON.
UNTOLD TRAGEDIES
UNFOLD INTO SPACE.

-JOSEPH LAPOSTA



LOOKING SKYWARD

AS I LOOK TO THE SKY
I SEE
THAT I AM A LUCKY MAN.
ALL THAT I HAVE
YET I DO NOT COMPREHEND WHAT I HAVE.
AS I LOOK INTO THE SKY
MY VISION BLURRED
MY TEARS DO NOT KNOW WHY,
WHY MY SOUL
WAS LEFT TO DIE,
SO I CRY.
AS I CRY
I FEEL THE COLD RAIN
POURING DOWN UPON ME.
IT IS AS IF HEAVEN ITSELF IS CRYING WITH ME.

-JOSEPH LAPOSTA

FRACTURED DREAM PLAIN

I HAVE NO MORE DREAMS
THEY ARE NOW PAST EXTINCTION
NIGHTMARES ARE ALL THAT REMAIN
FRACTURED DREAMS FLOAT BY MY EYES,
THE REMAINING FEW FADE INTO OBLIVION,
DREAMS OF HOPE AND DESIRE FLOAT OUT OF REACH
EXPLOSIONS RING IN MY ATMOSPHERE
FEAR GRIPS MY THROAT
AN IRON GRASP MEANT TO STIFLE
A CRY TEARS ITSELF FREE OF THE VICE,
BUT THE CRY DIES BEFORE IT REACHES ANYONE'S EARS
A PLEA NEVER TO BE HEARD,
THE SHARDS OF THE SHATTERED DREAMS PIERCE
AND THE WOUNDS BECOME MORE INFECTED,
THE SHARP REMNANTS TEAR MYSELF FROM MYSELF
MY SOUL SOURED BY THE APPARITIONS
ONE BY ONE MY DREAMS SHATTER,
THEN THE PIECES OF WHAT COULD BE
DISAPPEAR AND FADE FROM ME.

-JOSEPH LAPOSTA

Unpleasant Slogans

Do not tease me
with a foolish grin.
your plastic
visage
plasters
billboards
on every
imaginable
highway
I travel
False
Advertisements
amuse me
not

—Sonya Mello

A SPECIAL FRIEND

Megan is sad today. Her mother knows why Megan is sad because she is sad too. They are not sad because it is raining or because they couldn't get a puppy as a pet. They are sad for a different reason. Megan had a special friend named Maureen. She liked to call her "Bobbi-Maureen" just for fun. Bobbi-Maureen had curly, white hair which was different than Megan's straight, brown hair. Maureen and Megan got along well despite their age difference. They played games together and told each other stories. Since Maureen was with Megan when Megan's mother was at night meetings, they got to do things that Megan was normally not allowed to do. Maureen braided Megan's hair and Megan tried to braid Maureen's. They ate chocolate and watched game shows on TV. Megan stayed up way past her bedtime. Megan loved her time with Bobbi-Maureen. Maureen loved her time with Megan too. But Maureen knew this precious time would end eventually. One night, Bobbi-Maureen was not able to baby-sit. Megan's mother said that she was sick, but that they could visit her in the hospital. Megan had never been in a hospital before and was nervous. They decided to go on a sunny, Saturday afternoon. Megan dressed in her favorite pink dress with the ruffled sleeves. Her mother wore her blue skirt and white blouse. Megan's mom explained that the hospital is not really a scary place. "It is where people like Maureen get help when their hearts are not strong enough to work by themselves." Megan did not know what to expect. They pulled up to a large, white cement building. Megan's mom said, "Here we are." They walked to the front desk which to Megan looked like the secretary's desk at her mother's office. "Hello," said the secretary. "Hello," said Megan's mother. Megan shyly hid behind her mother's leg. "What a pretty dress!" said the secretary to Megan. Megan's mom always taught her to be polite, so she said, "Thank you," and smiled quietly. They got a pass from the secretary and directions to Maureen's room. They walked down many long, white hallways. Megan saw things that she never saw before. She saw so many doctors and nurses scurrying about. She saw patients sleeping on beds with pillows to prop them up and she saw a HUGE cafeteria filled with food and people. But they kept walking until they came to room 416 in the C wing of St. Mark's Hospital. "Hi Maureen," said Megan's mother as they slowly entered the dimly lit, rose colored room. Megan crept in holding on to her mother's skirt unsure if she would recognize her great friend. "Hi," replied Maureen in a whisper. Maureen was in one of those special beds Megan saw other patients in. She looked the same, but had some tubes in her hand which Megan's mom later explained was medicine to keep her healthy. Megan gained some courage from her overwhelming curiosity. "How does it feel?" asked Megan. "How does what feel?" asked Maureen. "Your heart that is sick?" "Oh," said Maureen, "It hurt for a while, but now I am fine." "How are you Megan?" she asked. "I'm OK," said Megan. Megan's mom pulled a chair up close to Maureen's bed for Megan to sit on. Megan sat quickly and tried to think of more things to talk to Maureen about. "I got a new barrette today," she said with a little giggle, "it is beautiful," said Maureen. Megan wanted to ask some questions, but her fear held her back. Suddenly, she blurted one out. "Are you going to be able to play with me anymore?" "Not right now," said Maureen. "Then, when?" asked Megan impatiently. Megan's mom spoke up and said, "Megan, dear, I think Maureen is going to stay here for a while." Maureen nodded. "My heart is weak, Megan. The doctors need to give me medicine. I will have to stay here for some time." "Oh," said Megan. They ended their visit by kissing Maureen on the cheek. On the way out, Megan asked, "Will Bobbi-Maureen be all right?" "I hope so," said her mother. They were both quiet the rest of the way home. The next morning the phone rang. Megan's mother answered it. Megan could not hear the conversation, but she heard her mother say, "Oh no," in a discouraged voice. When she hung up the phone, she walked into Megan's room. "Megan, dear, I have some very sad news," said her mother. "What happened?" said Megan trying to sound brave. "Bobbi-Maureen is not going to be able to visit us anymore. She passed away last night, do you know what that means?" "I'm not sure, does that mean she is still sick?"

asked Megan. "No," said her mother, that means that she is not alive anymore, her heart stopped working. She is with our old pet Peggy the Parakeet who died last year and Suzy's Uncle Fester who passed away in May. We will only be able to see her in memories now." "Oh," said Megan. "Do you remember her favorite flower?" asked her mother. "Daisies," said Megan, "Why?" "Can you draw some daisies?" asked her mother. "Sure," Megan said as she reached for her crayons. Megan drew daisies better than she ever drew them before. "Here mom," she said as she handed the picture to her. "These are for Bobbi-Maureen," said her mother as she taped the picture above Megan's bed. "I want you to remember all the fun times you had." "OK," said Megan. Everynight after that, Megan looked up at her picture of the daisies, smiled and said, "Goodnight, Bobbi-Maureen." Then, she laid down and slept soundly all night.



THE GATE

**The Gate; the door that is closed
restricts the passing of thoughts and ideas,
and allows them free.**

**The construction of a gate
is to erect a barrier between the world inside and out.**

**The firm gate stands tall and sturdy;
motionless it protects,
but is a weakness if ignored as its walls are overcome.**

**Those large wooden doors swing open when the almighty bell is tolled.
Told to be opened in the arrival of kings and royalty
mounted upon their ornamented horses.**

**As they pass through the mighty bricked arch in which
each brick of stone is crucial in the existence of this gate,
and as each brick represents unity and the partnership in order to
keep it standing, the mighty warriors take notice.**

**They take such notice of this gate
as it signifies power and prestige.**

**Beyond this gate lies a wealth of community,
and the passing of ideas within.**

The life of many is contained within these walls.

**Within the barrier, and within the mind,
the creativeness of all who helped to build this gate,
and from this community, stand as a statue on a pedestal
for all to see and admire.**

For this gate represents people.

**As for when they enter, they share their wealth of knowledge with others.
In sharing the ritual to the opening and closing of this gate,
they hold it to be sacred, as the gate is their barrier and limiter.**

Adam Weissman





UNTITLED

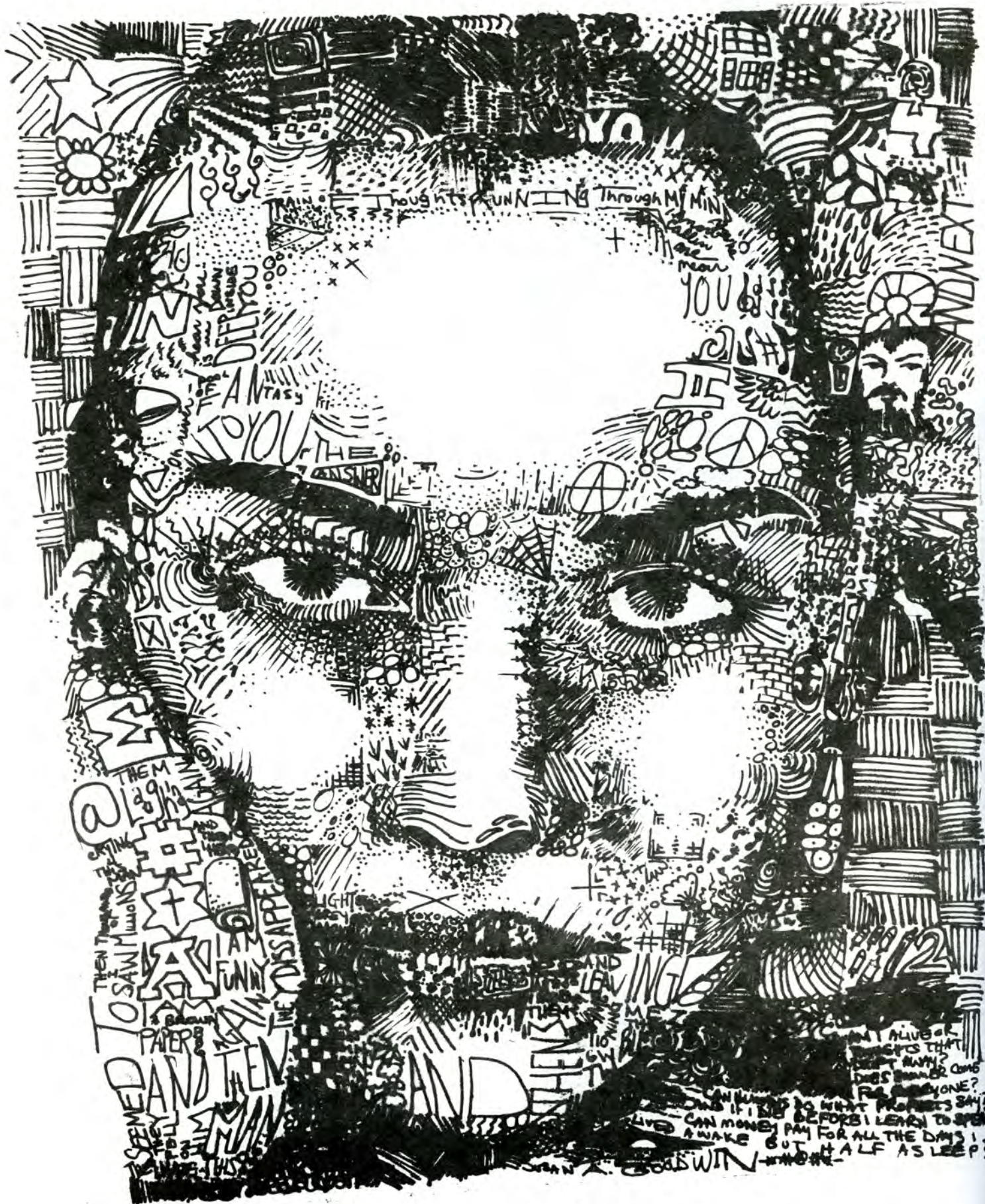
when together we are alone in our own little world
we are the center surrounded by a hemisphere of glass protecting us
from reality
as the heat rises, feelings of love and friendship are confused
when apart the cold hits the environment under the thin glass globe
tears turn into snow covering up our thoughts of each other
we drift out of the dream as our imagination returns to the real world
our feelings drop as the tiny snowglobe falls from our hands
the thin layer of glass shatters and our little world disappears

— Aimee Marie Drayer

TIME

Time is but a memory
at which I bow my head.
Love is but a recollect
at which my tears are shed.
Life is but a doorway
at which my fears take heed.
Innocence is but an image
on which my dreams it feeds.

My Nys



Thoughts RUNNING Through My MIND

YOU

DEEP
DREAM
ANSWER
TO YOU

II

THEM
SAW
MILLIONS
DREAM
PAPER
DREAM
MIND
THE DISAPPEAR
IN

AND LEAVING

CAN I EVER
DREAMS THAT
DREAMS
DREAMS
FOR EVERYONE?
CAN I EVER DO WHAT DREAMS SAY?
CAN I EVER BE FOR I LEARN TO SPEAK
LIVE
AWAKE
BUT HALF ASLEEP?
GODS WIT

Newsong

Bittersweet are you who remembers,
remembering me,
remembering shattering moments.
How delicate,
how soft, yet brittle in ancient times.
Will you fiercely grasp flying events?
Will you embrace them as an angel
cherishes her golden harp?
The stars sing for you,
gloriously. They proclaim your innocence
quietly
whispering pink lullabies before slumbering.
Faithfully golden harps
pluck fragile consonants of your Name.
Do you hear?
Can you listen?
Preciously they appear,
angels in gleaming mists,
humming their desolate hymns,
lyrics of fallen kings and desolate maidens.
Prentious in a scarlet robe of glory you stand,
tearing harkening skies into bits,
myriads of tiny countries become dust
and the memories,
like fragile wings
bittersweet.
they appear,
dancing
between snowflakes,
passionless.

—Sonya Mello

The strong man, dressed in dented, finely-wrought armor and a helm with scraps of cloth trailing from it, blowing in the wind, looked before him. There was a grass-covered ledge, hanging over the sea. Below that was hundreds of feet of cliff, and then...

The sea.

It was sunset. The scene, the sky, in fact the very air was tinged with reddish-orange light. It reflected off his armor and his sword as he drew it. He tossed aside the scabbard he had no need for it now. He advanced to the edge of the cliff. He stopped a mere three feet from the precipice. Slowly, he turned to the north. There lay more jagged cliffs and the rolling hills atop them. Upon one sat a lighthouse, several miles away. It was built of gray and white stone, and was ages old. As he looked, he could see a light slowly growing at the top. The keeper was kindling the fire for this night.

He turned to the east. There, beyond the hills, he could see the city on this clear evening. Just looking at it he got the feeling of the bustling place it was. A dark feeling loomed up in him. The people there ran about like insects: workers, soldiers, queens, even spiders to prey upon the others. They were their own undoing. They would destroy themselves.

Father, I have avenged you.

He looked down. Waves crashed upon the cliffs at the bottom, and the occasional rock. One in particular caught his eye. There was nothing special about it. It was just the same as any other hill of water rushing towards the coast and its own imminent destruction. Yet it entranced him.

A moment later it was over. He jammed the sword in his hand roughly into the turf at his side. It stood there like a crucifix, a monument to something sacred and long dead.

RELEASE ME! he screamed in his mind.

He leaped, sailing into the air with his hands outstretched like some twisted metal bird. As he fell, the thoughts and feelings swept through him like a current through the sea. He thought of his quest, of his father, of the people he had met...those he hated, those who he loved and hated him...

They were nothing now, particles of dust in the wind. Only the feeling of freedom, of release, the falling, the flying...that was what he felt. As he plummeted to the orange-tinged ocean below him, one single thought ripped through all the others, tearing, burning, cleaning out his head until it was empty of all but itself.

RELEASE ME...

--Jeff Novakowski

